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PROCEEDINGS

—OF—

THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY

OF ST. LOUIS,

—AT ITS—

Meeting, December 22d, 1885.

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Meeting, December 22d, 1885.

The meeting was called to order in the dining-room of of the Lindell Hotel, at eight o'clock P. M.

The President, H. M. Pollard, called upon Rev. M. W. Willis, Ph. D., to invoke the Divine Blessing, which he did in the following words:

••Infinite Father, we thank Thee for this our gathering here—sons and daughters of New England. For all the brave endurance, and for all the cherished memories of a Godly ancestry, we thank Thee.

We thank Thee, for their stout hearts and steadfast work, in laying broad and deep, the foundations of a mighty people.

For all those noble qualities and beautiful lives, which they illustrated upon a bleak and inhospitable coast—in the midst of winter, want and the wilderness, we thank Thee. For all the tender memories of dear homes, far away among

the hills and valleys of our own New England, we thank Thee.

Though now far from the haunts and homes of childhood's years, we thank Thee, for this glad hour of re-union and happy greeting.

God grant that all the sweet memories that linger and cluster now around us, calling up touching recollections and loving sympathies, that start freshly from the grave of years, and flood this hour, shall make New England homes doubly dear to New England hearts. Amen."

After which the following bill of fare was discussed:

— M E N U —

Oysters.

Norwalk on Shell.

Celery.

Olives.

Rhode Island Clam Broth.

Boiled Kennebec River Salmon, Egg Sauce.

Hollandaise Potatoes.

Baked Pork and Beans.

Boston Brown Bread.

Tenderloin of Beef, with Mushrooms.

Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.

Browned Potatoes.

Spinach.

Medford Rum Punch.

New Hampshire Partridge, Roasted.

Lettuce.

Water Cress.

Baked Indian Pudding, New England Style.

Mince Pie.

Pumpkin Pie.

Assorted Cakes.

Charlotte Russe.

Vanilla Ice Cream.

Fruits.

Boston Crackers and Cheese.

Nuts.

Vermont Cider.

Coffee.

During which time Spiering's orchestra rendered various pieces of music. Which was followed by a song, "Home Again," by Dr. G. A. Bowman. Whereupon the President greeted the members and their ladies as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is with feelings of pride that I arise to bid you welcome to our New England board.

Only a month ago, a few gentlemen suggested that it would be mete and proper to organize a New England Society in our city. The suggestion was alone convincing, and with the characteristic of our progenitors, we at once set to work, and have organized a band of two hundred natives of New England, and descendants of Miles Standish, now residing in St. Louis. We also find we have here more than one hundred others eligible, but who, from a fear of our succotash or chowder, or because of the water in their Puritan blood, or the lack of something stronger at this board, have not yet joined hands with us. Another year, with more time and a larger experience, we hope to have enrolled on our books the name of every native of the six New England States, now residing in our city.

Let us now join in commemorating the day our forefathers and mothers set foot to stay on that "bleak New England Shore."

The first toast—

"NEW ENGLAND"

was responded to by Judge C. S. Hayden, who said:

I feel highly complimented, Mr. Chairman, and ladies and gentleman, at being called on to respond to the toast, "New England;" but I do not know but what the Committee would have done better to have selected some other person to reply to so representative a sentiment. Of the New Englanders who settle in the west, there is a class who be-

come westernized and a class who do not become westernized. Now I belong to the class who become westernized and am, perhaps, an extreme example of that class. I am afraid you will think so before I have gone far. I have become so much westernized that I was quite disappointed when I received the circular of the committee about this dinner. That circular states that "for reasons satisfactory to all," the committee determined not to furnish wines for this dinner. "For reasons satisfactory to all,"—that is, of course to all New Englanders, since no other persons than New Englanders were concerned. The committee assumed, as a matter of course and without argument, that the reasons were satisfactory to all. I could not doubt the word of the committee and it at once struck me what a degenerate New Englander I was, and how unfit to reply to the representative toast, "New England." For I had always—it is in metaphorical sackcloth and ashes that I confess it—associated a public dinner, and especially an after dinner speech, with a bottle of champagne. A long course of vicious experience had led me to regard champagne as an ablative of accompaniment which could not grammatically or logically be separated from an after dinner speech that was good for anything. Other speeches might be made with or without liquids. But an after dinner speech, even if it is not of amber brightness, even if does not sparkle and bead and bubble like that imperial wine, ought at least to have something amusing about it. And champagne is a great factor, if not in enabling speakers to be amusing, at least in preventing them from being dry.

Then it struck me, degenerate New Englander that I am, that the committee had been a little hasty with their "for reasons that will be satisfactory to all." How did they know that the reasons would be satisfactory to the speakers, who, it appears to me, are persons very closely concerned? Glancing down the list of gentlemen who are

here to speak to-night, I see that some of them are persons of very delicate constitutions, others of very bashful dispositions, and I have no doubt that all of them, more especially the reverend gentlemen who are to come after me, would be glad to have a little wine, not for the stomach's sake, but to enable them to undergo the ordeal of making after dinner speeches. That ordeal has daunted other men of genius besides themselves. You remember how troubled Thackeray and Hawthorne used to be on such occasions. And I think that weak human nature, under such trying circumstances, ought to have a little artificial support. But the Committee has taken it for granted with something of, I will not say, New England intolerance—that would be a harsh word, warmly as I feel on this subject—but of New England impatience of opposition, that there is nothing to be said on the other side of the question. It strikes me that I would like to have suggested a compromise, at least, and have given a bottle of champagne to each of the speakers. Surely this would have been a happy arrangement. I think it would have been, to use the Committee's words, with a slight addition, "satisfactory to all" the speakers. I know it would have been—provided the bottle had been a quart bottle—perfectly satisfactory to me. It would have given an additional relish to my wine to see this Committee remain "dry." But after all, I consoled myself with reflecting that if the Committee did not furnish the cause, they could not expect to have the effect. They could not expect to have brilliant speeches when they did not give the speakers anything to make their speeches brilliant with. As the supernumerary actor at the theatre, when reproved by the star for not throwing more force into his recitation, replied that he could not afford to work up terrific bursts of emotion on five dollars a week, so the speakers to-night cannot be expected to be as witty as if my plan had been adopted and each of us had a bottle of champagne at his elbow. These

remarks, gentlemen who are to follow me, will put you all at you ease. As it is, nothing brilliant is expected of you; and I hope, for this Committee's sake, that you will not disappoint expectations. You can be as tiresome as you please. For my part, I will say with Dogberry, that were I as tedious as a king, I could find it in my heart to bestow all my tediousness—on this Committee. Evidently the only sort of dryness that they object to is dry champagne.

These reflections, melancholy in any one, but doubly sad to be contemplated in a New Englander, I attribute partly to my being a native of Boston—a place you know where they elect and re-elect Irish-born, Roman Catholic, Democratic Mayors—and partly, as I said before, to my having become very much westernized. But what I am anxious to explain is that these depraved tastes are peculiar to the individual and do not belong to New Englanders in general, nor to the typical New Englander. To ascertain the true tastes of New England, I would not go to her 'rocky arms,' but to her 'rural heart.' I would not take the bald Bostonian; I would select the virtuous Vermonter. Next to being good ourselves, it is desirable to be able to compare our own wickedness with the shining light of others. In contrast to my familiarity with champagne, I desire to place the blissful ignorance of one of the officers of this association. If he were present I would not mention this incident; for I dislike to praise a man to his face. But happily this virtuous Vermonter is absent, and will not hear this relation of a perhaps almost forgotten incident of his early life, and blush to find it fame.

When Judge Adams first left his native village in the remote recesses of Vermont, he had never seen a city, nor indeed a large town—for you know there are no cities or large towns, or indeed large things of any kind, in Vermont—and thus with the greatest expectations, he visited Boston. After seeing some of the sights of the city, he went into Parker's

for dinner—not Parker's of to-day, that fine hotel, beloved of politicians and Cambridge students, which stands on classic ground and has now covered the site of Burnham's Antique Book store, where, of an afternoon, Rufus Choate used to ascend to the third and fourth stories and bury himself in books—not *that* Parker's but the old Parker's of Court Square, no longer existing, for the site is covered by Young's hotel, but which will exist as long as Americans do, as Hawthorne has made it live by one of his inimitable descriptions. It was into this Parker's that Judge Adams, then a fresa, green mountain boy, went to order dinner with a companion. Do not mistake me; I was not that companion. I was much younger and was, indeed, at that period imbibing, at far different fountains, a fluid much more innocent than champagne. As the waiter was going away with the order, Judge Adams called, "And, waiter, bring us a bottle of champagne!" "Champagne sir, yessir, yessir! Dry sir, dry?" Judge Adams indignantly exclaimed, "Never you mind whether we are dry or not, you just go and get that champagne!"

I think Mr. Chairman, that the New England Society of St. Louis may be made to subserve a very good purpose. If there were nothing beyond, it is very pleasant to meet, to revive old recollections and to talk about the past, on this anniversary. I do not suppose that anyone thinks that these gatherings should be made occasions for propagating any ideas peculiar to New England or New Englanders. I do not see why there should be New England ideas any more than there should be Middle State ideas, or Pacific Slope ideas, or New Jersey ideas or Oregon ideas. We can best be true to New England, best keep our own birth-right and do honor to our birthplace, by cultivating those ideas which are not local or peculiar but which are the ideas of progressive men, wherever such men exist. The obligation which New Englanders should recognize as in-

cumbent on them, in whatever part of the United States they are, is to be abreast of the foremost thought of the time. This anniversary suggests many high and noble lessons: but I know of none higher and nobler than that forefather's day teaches than this, —the subordination of all pecuniary, of all material interests to great truths. Whatever were the faults of the Pilgrim Fathers, and they had not a few, they were men who subordinated the material to the ideal. They gave up not only all the comforts of existence but all those conventional modes of life to which men in society are most attached, in defence of mere ideas. When, in these days, our material interests clash, as they so often do, with what in our hearts we know to be right, we shall not be worthy descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers unless we also subordinate convenience to truth. If, in politics, the bloody shirt is buried and ought to be buried, let not New Englanders be found trying to resurrect it. If protective tariffs are at war with the interests of the great mass of the people and with the first principles of economic science, I do not here say they are, but if they are, let not New Englanders be found exalting their private profit above the general good. If it is the besetting sin of Americans that their life is sunk in materialism: that mind and heart and soul are absorbed in money getting, let not New Englanders be found foremost of all in their worship of "the least crested spirit that fell from Heaven." It should be their part, rather, if they would show that intellectual superiority which is sometimes attributed to them and which perhaps, they are a little in the habit of attributing to themselves, to be before and not behind other Americans in correcting the national failings. Wherever there are weak places in the body social and politic of our country: wherever well wishers in other lands turning to us are able "to put their fingers on the spot, and say, 'Thou ailest here, and here,' " it is in being foremost to recognize and confess these diseases and in having the for-

titude and skill to cure them, however painful the operations may be; it is in these directions, not in the cultivation of local or sectional ideas, that New England superiority is to be shown in the future, if it is to be shown at all.

The toast, "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims," was answered by a sentiment from Rev. Dr. J. G. Merrill, and read by the secretary as follows:

We are told that the boys on the shore hurrahed, and the men on board the Mayflower fired their muskets and a piece of ordnance in reply, when, departing for the New World, they rang out across the sea, not the greatness of their deeds, but the might of the faith and the courage of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The true pilgrim is always at his best when he is ready to embark. From the time that the patriarch, Abraham, went West, at the call of God, until the hour when the sons of New England crossed the great river, with its prairies and mountains beyond, the pilgrim spirit has possessed true souls, ready to take their lives in their hands, for the sake of duty. And this spirit flows in the veins of all who, far from the sea and Plymouth Rock, are ready in the new civilization, alone, in the face of their kind, to embark upon any truth, that will bless our grand domain.

On every such voyage may no St. Louis son of New England fail to embark.

"The New England Colonies" was responded to by Charles E. Briggs, M. D., as follows, viz.:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

We have inherited from our ancestors a noble past. It is well to recall it, to dwell upon it, that we may receive inspiration for the work that lies before us. Distinguished from the men of their times only by a divine impulse which they struggled to obey, they were the honored agents in a movement towards freedom of thought and religious

life, which, we believe upon ever increasing evidence, was from the beginning, under divine guidance. When we think of the smallness of the group landing that Monday at Plymouth, amounting with those in the vessel to only about one hundred, and that fifty-one of them died during the winter and the ensuing spring, we wonder at the great consequences which were to follow.

The event we commemorate, the planting of the first seed of the New England Colonies, is only one in a series of occurrences, brought about by the same vital and informing principle. The essential idea of Puritanism has existed from time immemorial, wherever earnest souls have sought union with God without intervening forms and ceremonies. But the circumstances, which led to the overt acts of the Puritans of the times of James and his predecessor on the English throne may well engage our attention to-day. The revolt from the supremacy of the Pope and the wide circulation of the Bible in the English tongue, gave both the opportunity and the spur to action. When, upon her entry into London, the citizens presented to Queen Elizabeth an English Bible, and she, kissing it, promised "diligently to read therein," a spirit was encouraged which, acquiring force from persecution, was destined eventually to dethrone an English monarch and plant an empire beyond the seas.

It was about this time (1560) that Wm. Brewster was born—the ruling elder of the Pilgrims, from whom a numerous race has sprung. Many in this room can doubtless trace their lineage to him.

Let us touch briefly upon the main points of his life, that we may be reminded of what manner of men made Plymouth colony possible. After passing some time at the University of Cambridge he left it, while yet a young man, for a career at court, entering the service of William Davison, one of Elizabeth's secretaries of state. There he was

associated in office with a member of the family of a protestant martyr, burned at the stake by bloody Mary.

It is interesting to read that he was brought in contact with Sir Philip Sidney, to whom he delivered the keys of Flushing in the Low Countries, of which keys he had been made temporary custodian in 1585. His master, Secretary Davison, shortly after, for an official imprudence, which directly hastened the execution of Mary Stuart, was sent by Elizabeth in disgrace to the Tower, and all opportunity of court preferment was lost to his young dependant. But Brewster's brief career was full of lessons to him in the highest school of experience, giving him an insight into the tendencies and possibilities of the time, the aggressions of Spain and her sympathizers, and the hopes of the Protestants. After remaining some time with Davison, notwithstanding his disgrace, Brewster retired from London to a manor house of the Archbishop of York, at Serooby in Nottinghamshire, near the border line of Yorkshire. It was at this place that the Separatist Robinson, in 1606, ministered to the little congregation that was the source of the Pilgrim band.

The accession of James in 1603, had not lessened for non-conforming Protestants the hardships initiated by Elizabeth. Brewster and his friends determined to fly from Serooby, leaving Boston by vessel, and seek religious freedom in the Low Countries. They were betrayed in their first attempt and made prisoners. Brewster, as the chief person of the company, suffered the greatest loss of property, and was kept longest in prison. A successful attempt was soon after made and resulted in the formation of the settlement of refugees in Leyden. He remained there in exile and hardships for somewhat over ten years, teaching English, printing religious books forbidden in England, and directing the affairs of his little

community. He was sixty years old when he returned to England to enter into negotiations which promised the pilgrims an untrammelled life in the New World. After their discouraging experience of living in a strange land in Leyden, the Pilgrims sought the wilderness deliberately. Faith in their high purposes enabled them to persevere through privation, sickness and the great mortality of their associates. It was Brewster's office to cheer and encourage them.

During the terrors of the first winter, when two or three would sometimes die in one day, and but six or seven sound persons were left to attend to the sick in all necessary offices, which they did "without any grudging," therein showing "their true love unto their brethren." The reverend elder was among these good Samaritans. He lived to be eighty-four years old, seeing the day (1644) when monarchy and prelacy in England, shaken to their centres through their own encroachments and arrogance, were upon the point of falling.

The colony which he helped to found, and the other sister settlements in New England, received probably not a thousand new comers in the ten years subsequent to 1620.

But discontents were meanwhile ripening in England. The stern policy of Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, made it impossible for many Puritans, of all social classes, to remain within the National Church or stay in England. Some twenty thousand Englishmen settled in New England between 1630-40. Of these Milton says in his sonorous language: "What numbers of faithful and free-born Englishmen have been constrained to forsake their dearest home, their friends and kindred, whom nothing but the wide ocean and the savage deserts of America could hide and shelter from the fury of the bishops! Oh, sir, if we could but see the shape of our dear mother England, as poets are wont to give a personal

form to what they please, how would she appear, think ye? but in a mourning weed, with ashes on her head, and tears abundantly flowing from her eyes, to behold so many of her children exposed at once, and thrust from things of dearest necessity."

After this period hope dawned for the Puritan in his native land. Laud's policy of "Thorough," was met by the "Root and Branch" movement of his opponents. The long Parliament began in 1640. Emigration to New England was checked, and the overthrow of the ruling powers in Great Britain was at hand. Thus these twenty-one thousand Englishmen established the colonies of New England. For one hundred and fifty years no considerable foreign element brought other blood to this community. Says the historian Palfrey: "There is probably not a county in England occupied by a population of purer English blood than theirs." Leading lives of industry and frugality, they have been a prolific race. In 1858 it was estimated that their descendants numbered seven or eight millions. It is probable that the number now may be about ten millions. The wealth of Massachusetts alone is now reckoned in thousands of millions of dollars, and since the beginning of this century the sons and daughters of New England have been carrying their industry and capital to other parts of the Union, looking for wider fields of action. Is there not danger that all this growth and worldly prosperity may make us forget more important things? Let us ask ourselves do we, like our forefathers, give our labor and our influence to the true life of these times. Let us think of them as incentives to noble lives, as men and citizens. When Xenophon was spurring on his companions to deeds of valor he reminded them of their ancestors, of whose exploits the trophies were still to be seen as memorials; but, he says, "The greatest of all the memorials, is

the liberty of the States in which you are born and bred, for you worship *no* man as master, but the *gods* alone. Of *such* ancestors are you sprung.”

Let *us* keep in *our* minds the memories of the forefathers, of their *faith* and their *works*! and their names will stir our hearts like the sound of trumpets!

The President having read the fourth regular toast—

“PLYMOUTH ROCK, THE AMERICAN BLARNEY
STONE.”

remarked that B. D. Lee, Esq., was to have responded to it, was unavoidably absent, and he would have to call upon one at his elbow, personally known to all New England people, Gen. W. T. Sherman, and that he would not expect him to limit himself to the literal task.

Gen. Sherman, rising, said:

Friends of the New England Society:

I am really glad to meet you on this, the first banquet of the New England Society, in this great city of St. Louis.

Though not born in New England, I am of New England parents, both of Norwalk, Connecticut, who migrated to Ohio in 1810; and it has been my habit of late years to attend the New England banquets of Brooklyn and New York City. There they exhibit the traits of our forefathers in making up for the hardships of their ancestors, by having *two* nights of feasting—Brooklyn celebrating the 21st, and New York the 22d, at both of which pretty much the same individuals meet. These banquets equal, if not surpass, any similar festivities on this continent; either in the sumptuous display of food and wines, as well as of eloquence and wit.

In looking back over the history of our country, we realize that the little colony which landed on Plymouth Rock in the bleak winter of 1620, was the seed, planted in a hardy

soil, which has grown into a tree which shadows a continent. Before landing, they agreed to be governed by the laws of God, till they had time to make better. First the family, then the town, then the country, and finally, the State, they became the model for that wonderful Union of States, which has sheltered us up to our present grandeur as a nation. The industry, the thrift, the intelligence and devotion to religious liberty and equal rights of all good citizens, which characterized the early inhabitants of New England, form now the solid production on which American liberty and nationality securely rest.

I trust, Mr. President, that this Society will continue to meet annually, in your own way, to do honor to the virtues and manhood of your progenitors. New England is famous to-day, by reason of the manhood of her men, and the womanhood of her women; and wherever the child, and grand child, and great-grand-child, may be, they should meet and do reverence to the Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth Rock, and nowhere better than in this great central city of the continent, St. Louis.

THE PURITAN.

Rev. J. C. Learned responded to this toast, as follows:

My respect for you, Mr. President, rose to something like admiration when you had the courage to ask me to speak upon this theme. Do you not know that the "Puritan" is a prickly subject for the heresy to handle? Can you be sure beforehand, what any possible descendant of Mary Dyer, or Giles Corey, or Anne Hutchinson, or Roger Williams will say of this character? It seems to me, that if you had given me some neutral subject, like "bean porridge," or "education," you would have run much less risk.

I have to confess that I take the Puritan with a grain of allowance. He did not do as we do, or feel as we do. Very

little, I fear, could he approve of us or our doings. For example, he did not like the sound of instrumental music—organs, horns or fiddles—as we do. He took no delight in church-bells and chimes—as we do. He would not eat mince pies at Christmas—as we do. He was not “total abstinence”—as we are. Why, the first treaty ever made in this country with the Indians (that between Winslow and Massasoit), was sealed, as I understand the history, with a jug of good old Holland gin! And he was so afraid of the effect upon his health of the crystal unadulterated waters of Massachusetts, that from the first he encouraged the importation of liberal supplies of ale and beer from the old country. And I infer from a remark of Leonard Bacon, that some were deterred from coming over at all, lest they should fail to find a supply of the favorite and necessary beverage here. He felt just as a German would feel, to-day, who thought of settling in some Iowa or Kansas town; not asking how he should get along without his glass of lager, but what sort of dodge or crookedness he should have to perpetrate to obtain it. Robinson regretted, in writing from Holland, to his parishioners, that, in their dealings with the Indian, they often killed him before they converted him. That is not our way: we have rectified all that. First, we always send out a missionary to make him a Christian; then, we send an agent along to swindle him and make him a pauper. After that we can kill him at pleasure without conscience or apology. So we have come to differ from the Puritan in our theory of voting. He didn’t want anybody and everybody to take part in elections—as we do. He went to work and disfranchised three-fourths of all the men in Massachusetts because they didn’t belong to the church. We do not now ask a man at the polls if he is a church-member! In fact, it would appear that church-members are very scarce

on election days. And we begin to think that the best, if not the only way, to get church-members to the ballot-box, is to give the vote to women. The Puritan at one time wanted to exterminate the Quakers. This is not our feeling—we can't get enough of them. Besides, he cultivated an unpleasantness with the Baptists, and tried to drive them all into Narragansett Bay. We would like to see the man who wishes to try that little game now, or dares to be on ill terms even with the Baptists hereabouts.

And yet the Puritan was not so black as he has been painted. Why, we know that even the followers of Darwin are misrepresented. Prof. Gunning, the lecturer and geologist, when down in Florida, was thought to be a dangerous fellow. "Why, (said the son of a preacher) they say he is a *Darwiner*." "Oh," replied Gunning's friend, "he's worse than that—he's an *evolutionist*." "My God," exclaimed the man, "*does he practice it?*"

Perhaps, however, we can honor the Puritan all the more, for having ceased to practice some things which he held to be important. There were other matters fundamental to his conduct and vital to his life, which, so to speak, had the quality of eternity in them, principles which have won the admiration of all right-thinking men. He had a religious belief from which we have widely departed. He had a morality which was narrow, wanting in perspective, and which we no longer follow. His fear of God cast out love; his stern and over-scrupulous laws bore hard upon tender consciences. But there was an intensity of faith in him, and a moral sentiment of such tremendous force, that it made the age in which he lived bright with the prophecy of better things, luminous of new life and liberty. If as Hume said, "It was to this sect * * that the English owe the whole freedom of their constitution;" still more do we in America owe to it an independant secular

government and a free church. The Puritan was a strict scripturalist and a stoical moralist, but he was the liberal of his time. He stood for individualism and reality, as against blind custom and precedent and sham. And those I hold to be his true descendants, not who think what he thought, or imitate him in any spirit of servility, but who have the courage to dissent from every error and to depart from every wrong they may be able to discover. "More light," said John Robinson, "is to break forth from God's holy word." More truth is to be revealed in every realm of God's universe. And if we have the conscience and fidelity of these our ancestors whom we remember here to-night, we shall contribute to the higher life of the age in which we live.

"Faith in God, faith in man, faith in work—this," says Mr. Lowell, "is the short formula in which we may sum up the teachings of the founders of New England—a creed ample enough for this life and the next."

"The Yankee in St. Louis" was responded to by James Richardson, Esq., as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I do not see my name upon the programme. Nevertheless, I should be perfectly delighted to make you a brief speech, if I had anything interesting to say, or you had time to listen to me. The Pilgrims uniformly retired early. Miles Standish, even when working on his famous courtship, was always at home by the time his old clock struck nine and only stayed out late at night, when he went a gunning for Indians. I shall therefore content myself with referring with constantly expanding emotions of honest pride, to the Yankee in St. Louis, especially to the ladies, and close my remarks by making my obeisance to the audience, after the manner I was taught some sixty years ago in the old red school-house, at the foot of the hill, in my native State of New Hampshire.

“THE MAYFLOWER.”

RESPONSE BY WILLIAM G. HAMMOND, L.L.D.

I must own, Mr. President, that when you gave me notice, ten days ago, that I was expected to make my “few unpremeditated remarks” on this subject, it seemed to me impossible to say anything new about the Mayflower. Every New Englander knows the picturesque group, in which the Pilgrim fathers and mothers knelt around the Rev. John Robinson, and heard what was undoubtedly one of the most touching prayers ever delivered to a Puritan audience; the Speedwell meanwhile waiting to begin that memorable voyage. Everybody knows, too, that “The breaking waves dashed high, on a stern and rock-bound coast” when that voyage was ended, as undoubtedly they did on many such coasts in various quarters of the world, but *not* where the Pilgrims landed, upon the sands of Cape Cod or the low shores of Plymouth. The only fact I could recall, not familiar to everybody in this connection, was a view of the scene at Delft Haven published by one of our most pretentious magazines in my younger days, and therefore perhaps unknown to some of my hearers. It was a steel-plate engraving, duly heralded beforehand and boasted of contemporaneously, as costing a fabulous sum and executed by our own artists—if not exactly “sketched on the spot” by that ubiquitous personage—in which to the prayer-meeting on the shore and the Speedwell in the offing was added the novel feature of a *steam tug*, waiting at the dock, to take the passengers to the ship! And, by the way, when I hear the Puritans lauded on this and other occasions for their love of religious liberty, and their charitable spirit, and many other virtues that they probably would have had if they had lived in our days, but which they would have repudiated most zealously in their own, I am always reminded of that

steam-tug in a scene of the seventeenth century. I mean no disrespect to the Puritans, when I deny them these anachronistic virtues. I can do full justice to their narrow but strong souls, their purposes high but by no means broad. But I cannot forget that I am a Rhode Islander, proud of my descent from one who was banished from Massachusetts with Anne Hutchinson because her doctrines showed some slight savor of the heresy which is now preached every Sunday by my friend across the table, (Rev. Mr. Learned,) and scarcely less so of the other ancestor, who was whipped at the cart's tail through the streets of Boston for preaching on Boston Common the doctrine of the eloquent divine at the head of this table (Dr. Boyd.)

But it is time to get back to the Mayflower, and to confess that after taking the beggarly account of my stock of knowledge on the subject already given, I went to our Mercantile Library to see what I could learn about that famous ship. An hour there (among treasures that deserve to be much better housed than they are) filled me with details of that memorable voyage, and I only wish I could interest you for my allotted ten minutes as I myself was interested for that hour in what I learned. We who are accustomed to cross the Atlantic ferry in six or seven days and grumble if the passage extends to eight—who peep down occasionally into the airy and roomy steerage, and wonder how human beings can exist a week in such quarters—can hardly conceive what that voyage, of five months in all, of sixty-five days from land to land, really was. The Mayflower was a ship of 180 tons, about half the size of one of our river barges in which Sunday-school children go down the river for a day's pic-nic. Saw a barge in two, across the middle, plank the open end of the sternmost half straight across, and you will probably have not a bad notion of her model. During the latter half of the

voyage the weather was so bad that the 102 passengers were kept below deck with the hatches closed. No wonder that when at last they made a temporary landing on Cape Cod, the first use made of the dry land by the female pilgrims was to have washing day, "of which they had good need." Two children had been born into the stifling air between decks, thus keeping the number good, although one man had died on the voyage over, and the wife of one of the leaders was drowned by the shores of their new home.

I would like if time permitted me to speak of one scene in that dark cabin, when the first social contract ever formed in express terms among men was signed there, for the government of the body in that new home, and the repression of the jealousies and discontents produced by their long confinement, even in a ship-load of saints. The dream of philosophic jurists, the ideal government of the Germanic races became a sober fact in the Mayflower's hold. But to this History has already done justice, and I close with a minor fact commonly overlooked. The Mayflower lay off Plymouth till the following April, while the little colony saw its darkest days of cold, pestilence, almost starvation. But when, in the cheerless New England spring, she weighed anchor, and spread her canvas petals to waft her back to England—in the language of that day to return *home*—not one of the pilgrims, man, woman or child, was weak enough to abandon the faith and go back in her!

"THE NEW ENGLAND CLERGY"

Was responded to by Rev. Dr. Boyd, as follows:

Mr. Beecher once said to me, "New England is a good place to be born in, it is a good place to be reared in, it is a good place to be educated in, but a man had better get out of it as soon as possible after that." [Laughter.] It is apparent this evening that Mr. Beecher is not the only man who entertains

that opinion, and it is apparent, too, that they are the most active and vigorous Yankees who emigrate, and they are the least robust and virile who remain in New England. I expect these sentiments will find a hearty response in your hearts to-night, for in every western city we find the vigor of New England life. We must admit notwithstanding what has been said about New England ideas, that certain New England ideas are forcing themselves westward and southward, and it is on this point, and this point alone, that I desire to say just a word.

We owe a lasting debt of gratitude to the New England clergy for establishing at least two principles that are working their way slowly into the West and South—principles that must be established in our civilization, or we shall not keep pace with the rest of the country. The first is the liberty of original development—the right of a man to develop according to his individuality. Say what we will about Puritan pastors, say what we will about the New England clergy, a majority of the New England clergy of all schools of religious thought, has insisted upon the right of private judgment, has insisted on the right of individuality. And the next thing is the necessity of a rational system of religious thought. It has been claimed that the theology of New England, from the beginning has been rationalistic rather than natural. Those grand old men, the Puritans, appealed to the intellectual rather than the emotional nature. They had substrata of philosophic thought under their theology, and they represented intellectualism as opposed to emotionalism. Why is it that in any section, the pulpit is decaying? Simply because the church in that section has set itself against these two principles which have been emphasized in the whole history of the New England clergy. It has declared that a man should not be himself; that he should submit to the dicta-

tions of a church or creed; and it has moreover, appealed to the emotional nature rather than the intellectual.

Why we sometimes talk of those old Puritan sermons and wonder how men could believe such a stern and terrible theology and ever smile, yet we remember that some of those grand old Puritan preachers were about as fat and sleek in their physical appearance as a person could well be. Their theology did not seem to affect their physical well-being at all, and we wonder at the apparent inconsistencies between their creed and outward life. Yet right in the city of St. Louis, within a month, a whole company of ministers has been convulsed with laughter, by the rude witicism of an uncouth revivalist on the awful subject of everlasting punishment.

We wonder again at these inconsistencies between theology and the outward life, and we cannot go back to the Puritans and attach blame only to them. As the light cometh from the east and shineth unto the west, so it is in the history of this land. We stand right here between the shock of two opposing forces of thought, and if we are true to the history of our sires we shall stand for intellectualism as against emotionalism; we shall stand for the liberty of individual development, along the lines of one's own being, as opposed to any dictation of church or creed. We shall stand for the truth of nature as well as the truth of God.

May we be true to our New England cultivation! For I tell you, that when such names as Edwards, and Emmons, and Hopkins, and Channing, and Parker, and Seelye, and the princes of the present New England pulpit, come to mind, I feel that I am under the deepest obligation to be true to the traditions of the pulpit of New England, which has always been on the side of the right, always on the side of the nation, always on the side of humanity.

“THE YANKEE EVERY WHERE,”

Was responded to by Hon. E. O. Stanard as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies & Gentleman:

I suppose the most acceptable thing I can say now, is that my remarks will be short. The speech I intended to make has been made by several gentlemen already, better than I can make it, and I have only a few observations with which to detain you.

Some of my friends here have told me that they supposed me a born western man, but I am glad to inform them I was born in New England, I am not responsible however for coming west as my parents brought me away from there before I can remember. It is natural and commendable for people to cherish their old homes, and to have a fond recollection for the land of their nativity, and I am sure none of us are disposed to apologize for the fact that we were born in New England, but rather to be proud that we are the descendants of a most noble race of men and women of whom it is safe to say—they have done as much as any other class of people for education and the advance of the arts and sciences, for the promotion of agriculture and manufactories, and for the general betterment of the condition of mankind, as well as for good government. Their lives have abounded in examples of economy, thrift, enterprise and philanthropy. I do not believe a man born in New England naturally better, or more enterprising than if born anywhere else, but he is largely a creature of habit and controlled by necessity; and especially in the earlier days it was the habit of all the people to work, and to work vigorously no matter what the nature of the avocation—whether physical or mental. The soil was barren and the climate cold and it was either labor or starve, and from the nature of the case, the yankee sought out fairer lands until now he

compasses the earth, and in reality he is felt and known everywhere. But I promised I would not make a speech,

With assurance of great pleasure for the opportunity of being with you, I give way for the interesting part of the programme, yet to follow.

THE YANKEE SCHOOL MA'AM.

Was responded to by Prof. C. M. Woodward of Washington University as follows:

Mr. President.—It is somewhat remarkable that after the minute division of labor shown on the programme, you should have assigned to me the lion's share. I am fortunate not only in being allowed to speak for one half of us, but even for the "better half."

The school mistress has been, and still is, a power in our western civilization. Leave out the school-marms, and what would you have left? And she is emphatically a yankee institution. Her home was in New England. From that center she has spread over the great West, and she is finding her way into the South. Wherever she goes, she carries sweetness and light; her appearance is like the dawn of a new day.

It was my good fortune to be born on a farm in Massachusetts, and later to be under the fostering care of several excellent school mistresses. I recall them with pleasure. It was my privilege to do, what I suppose every healthy boy ought to do, when intimately associated with interesting young women several years older than himself: I fell innocently, and harmlessly in love with each one of them, and I now believe it did me good. Here in St. Louis we have felt her influence. In 1849, I think it was, the School Board sent Mr. Edward Wyman east to enlist a half dozen "Yankee School-Marms" to assist in building up a system of public schools in this city. He got them, and they did their work.

and to-day we owe them gratitude. The State too has shared in their benign influence. When it was proposed to develop the resources of this great commonwealth, by building a railroad from St. Louis to Kansas City, the governor of the State opposed it, on the ground that no sooner would the road be opened, than the State would be flooded by Yankee School-Marms!—And he was right. The road was built, and the school-marms came; I only wish there had been more of them. They are still needed in certain benighted sections where too often an incompetent school master, to the manor born, holds the position of teacher in order to keep the school money in the "deestriect."

Yes. I say we ought to thank God for the school-marms, and for Horace Mann who organized the first Normal School in Massachusetts that their number and their value might be increased. The condition of the next generation is to be determined by the education we give our children in this. Let it be broad, round, and judicious, and the future will be secure. In this work our strong ally is the School-Marm. So I repeat "God bless the School-Marms."

J. M. Jordan Esq., here gave a very truthful and happy version of the old time yankee dialect and rendered the touching tale of "Jemima's Courtship" and recited Longfellow's "Sandalphon."

Mr. C. H. Sampson replied to "The New Englander's pride in the land of his nativity." He said:

It is human nature to be proud of one's native land. The Virginian manifests pardonable pride as he asserts that he hails from the Old Dominion, the home of Washington, Jefferson and Lee. The Kentuckian, with admirable assurance, informs you that he is from the home of Henry Clay, the land of the handsomest women, the finest horses and the best whisky in America. The German tells wondrous tales

of "Fatherland," while the Irishman's eye sparkles as he sings the songs of the Emerald Isle. It is not immodest for us, who first saw light under the blue skies of New England, to feel proud of its rugged mountains and fertile valleys: the land chosen by our Pilgrim Fathers as a haven of liberty. We have a heroic ancestry. Some may contend that its heroism was not unmingled with fanaticism; but it was this ancestry, through suffering and self denial that made it possible to create a free and independent nation. Each generation has left an indelible impression on its age, producing men who have reached the highest pinnacle of fame. Philanthropists, statesmen, philosophers and poets have added many a gem to its crown. The historic Mayflower, though tempest-tossed, followed the guiding star of heaven, and landed at Plymouth Rock the noblest band of mortals that was ever borne on the ocean's crest—immortals whom God had endowed with abundant brain, nerve and heart.

New England has a history that stands forth like a brilliant diadem in the annals of the world. We are upon the threshold of the second century of the republic. Our thoughts revert to the years that have elapsed since its first struggle for existence. We remember the hardships and privations that those old patriots endured while they were constructing the foundations for the grandest Government in the universe. We note its progress. The tender bantling has assumed massive proportions, the thirteen original States have added link to link and strength to strength, until now our unity of thirty-eight commands the respect and admiration of the world. Throughout New England the din of machinery resounds from every side; whether it be the spindles of the cotton mill or the beating of brass, it is music to thousands upon thousands of both sexes; for by this melody they are enabled to gain an honest livelihood. Schools of all grades and colleges of the highest rank

abound within its limits. From these institutions a legion has gone forth to grace the professions and to educate mankind.

The footprints of the sanguine Yankee are found in every locality. He has penetrated the wilds of Africa. He has sought the North pole in vain, he has engraved his name on the pyramids of Egypt, and has lighted his pipe by the fires of Vesuvius. New England—ever the home of progress—has infused a spirit of enterprise into the commercial veins of our nation. Great inventions have wrought marvelous changes. The slow transit of the early days will soon be forgotten. Saddlebags are seldom seen, except as relics. The stage coach and four is a luxury of the past; for the iron monster defiantly traverses the land; palatial steamships ply the waters; the telegraph girdles the globe; we talk, hear and see by electricity.

New England—the embodiment of all that is beautiful and grand in nature, the harbinger of knowledge, art and science—thy sons are proud of thee.

“THE DAY WE CELEBRATE”

Was responded to by Hon. D. T. Jewett. He said:

This toast may be considered as asking—why do we, citizens born and educated in New England, celebrate that day? I answer, because on that day, in the year 1820, there landed at Plymouth about one hundred people men, women and children, who had left England for the purpose of finding a place where they could enjoy religious liberty, political equal rights and general education.

And because from that little band and those who soon followed them for like purposes, have sprung a people who, *we believe*, have more fully and completely illustrated and carried out those principles, than any other people on the face of the earth. That day was properly the birth-day of

this nation as it now exists and will continue to exist. The leaven then and there planted, has spread till its effect is to some extent, felt through the whole nation, and it is hoped, will continue to spread till all is one homogenous body. Then and there was planted the little germ which sprouted and grew and flourished till it has spread its broad branches over this nation and given it character and power, prosperity and influence. I say it was the birth-day of the nation as it is. But *not* because it was the *first permanent colony* planted in this country ; for an English colony was sent out and landed at Jamestown, Virginia, some ten or eleven years before the Plymouth colony, and became a permanent settlement. But the Jamestown colony was sent out as a speculation, by an English company acting under a charter. They were not self expatriated in pursuit of religious and political freedom. They were simply colonists or laborers, sent out by a company of capitalists, who had a grant of the territories from the King. Soon after, the company sent out about a hundred girls for wives, and each man that wanted, took a wife on payment of her passage-money in tobacco. History, however, says they were respectable women. The English government also soon sent out to that colony white condemned criminals, and sold them to the planters. Negroes were also soon brought from Africa and sold to the planters as slaves. About fifty or sixty years after the colony was started, its governor (Berkley) wrote to England an account of it, in which he said the population was about 40,000, of whom six thousand were “white servants,” and 2,000 slaves. He also says, “I thank God we have no free schools, nor printing presses and hope we shall not have for a hundred years ; for learning has brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the government.—God keep us from both.” This was certainly not the spirit of those who

landed on Plymouth Rock, and from such seed as was planted at Jamestown could not have sprung the government so graphically and beautifully described by Lincoln, as "a government of the people, by the people and for the people."

That government had its origin December 22d, 1820. To be sure, the eloquent gentleman (Dr. Learned) who has just addressed us, has shown that the Pilgrims had (what would now a-days be considered) some faults. But we must not expect perfection in the first days of the sixteenth century, in those who had just escaped from a country where religious intolerance and political oppression, were the order of the day.

The diamond must be cut and rubbed and polished before its worth and beauty are known; and the *diamond of character*, was in the Pilgrims, and time and labor and polish, have brought it out. Mrs. Hemans, in her beautiful poem upon the Pilgrims, says:

"What sought they, thus afar?

"Bright jewels of the mine?

"The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?

"They sought a faith's pure shrine.

"Aye, call it holy ground,

"The soil where first they trod,

"They left unstained what there they found,

"Freedom to worship God."

The Secretary, W. B. Homer, then read the following letters, and many others.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, }
MAYOR'S OFFICE, }

St. Louis, December 22d, 1885.

O. L. WHITELOW, Esq.,

Treasurer New England Society of St. Louis.

Dear Sir: I much regret that my official duties, and other engagements, will prevent my acceptance of your

very kind invitation to the first annual dinner of the New England Society this evening.

I have delayed answering thus long in the hope of being able to be present on that occasion, as I should be pleased to meet the members of your society, and attest to the esteem in which they are held by the municipal authorities of every city of importance throughout the country, all of which they have lent most effective aid in building up. So many of my personal friends are included in your membership, that it would seem superfluous to add anything concerning the high esteem in which I hold your individual members. Accept my thanks for the courteous invitation you extend to me, and also my assurance of highest regard for your society.

Yours respectfully,
DAVID R. FRANCIS.

ST. LOUIS, MO., December 22d, 1885.

H. M. POLLARD, Esq.,

President New England Society of St. Louis.

Dear Sir: With great regret, I find myself unable on account of the state of my health, to be with the New England Society on the celebration of Forefathers' Day, this evening. My warmest sympathies are with you in your endeavor to keep this day in perpetual memory, honor and significance—as the day on which some two hundred and sixty-four years ago, there touched the shores of the New World, then wilderness from ocean to ocean, forces most mighty and beneficent through all its future; a little band of men and women, exiles for “freedom to worship God,” coming from out the wintry ocean, bringing with them in primordial germ, principles creative, organic, cumulative and conservative of the civil, social and religious

life and order of our country—and most potent and vital on the civilization of the continent and of the modern world.

In the interest of no class, or clan, or sect, or section or race, do we celebrate their advent; but in that of the principles they brought, and the spirit in which they wrought for them. Those principles and that spirit are as diffusive as the light, as expansive as human brotherhood, as broad indeed as humanity itself; which as De Toquerville says, “regained its rights on the cabin of the Mayflower,” and which stepped forth full panoplied with its written *Magna Charta* on the shores of the New World; under the blazon of principles which bind in one brotherhood all lovers of liberty, truth and God, wherever found and of whatever color, country or clime.

I need not say that we commemorate this day in no glorification of the bleak and sterile coast where they landed, but of a mission which, as history discloses, was for country, continent and race of man; nor of the personel of that solemn drama, save as the incarnation and confessors of the principles which animated it. Not as perfect archetypes do we present those men, exactly to be reproduced or slavishly to copy. We would not thus reproduce them if we could, nor could we if we would. We do not forget that the world has moved since their time, has moved because of them. They builded larger and wiser than they knew. The circumstances of their world, the lights and shadows amid which they walked and which colored to them that world, have long since passed away. But their principles, like the Alps, amid all shifting, cloudings and colorings, remain immovable and immortal. Their confessors we may idealize—never idolize. Their methods and measures we amend or reject. But their spirit to loyalty to believed truth and right, is still tonic and vital as air from Heaven. It remains that we, with our own personality bearing the

stamp of our own times, do our own work—each in his own time and sphere, even as they did theirs, with strongest loyalty to believed truth and to the principles of God.

And now, with the solemn march of history going on, with its changes, its corporations, its dangers, with its drift of influences threatening to dilute and enfeeble our original life principles, and to submerge our national institutions and our national life, with the use of social antagonisms and convulsions, menacing war on our moral, social, religious and political order, and on our Christian civilization itself, the times call on us to arm ourselves anew with the spirit and principles of heroic and martyr age, and move on with new courage and charge upon the powers of darkness.

Therefore, it is well for us and our children to observe this day, and as often as the circling year dips into December's frost and storm, rally once with whatever gloom and tempest without, and gather around the old national hearthstone, with its fires burning cheerily and brightly on evermore.

In the fellowship of common heroic memories and the inspiration of common hopes for Christian liberty and truth,

Most respectfully yours,

T. M. POST.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 7, 1885.

H. M. POLLARD, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—It comes hard to me to decline your complimentary and kind invitation, but am obliged to do so.

Hoping that you will have on Pilgrim day the best of good times, I remain, with thanks,

Yours truly,

W. G. ELIOT.

DEER FOOT FARM, SOUTHBOROUGH, }
December 8th, 1885. }

H. M. POLLARD, ESQ.,

Dear Sir:—I beg to accept my sincere thanks for the honor you have done by your invitation. I should be glad to see St. Louis, and to dine there in commemoration of those who were as sincere crusaders (in their own way) as the King whose name it bears, but I have promised to dine at Plymouth on the 22d.

Faithfully yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 9, 1885.

H. M. POLLARD, ESQ.,

My Dear Sir:—I have delayed in answering your kind invitation, in behalf of the N. E. So'y of St. Louis, to attend your dinner, in celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims in the 22d inst., until I could determine whether I could give myself the pleasure of accepting it.

I am sorry to say that my engagements here and in New York will not permit me to come out to St. Louis for the 22d inst., as I should be very glad to do. With my thanks to the Society for the attention shown me by the invitation, I am,

Yours respectfully,

WM. M. EVARTS.

SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, D. C., }
December 8th, 1885. }

HON. H. M. POLLARD,

President of the N. E. Society, St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sir:—I beg to thank you, and through your Society, sincerely, for your kind invitation to attend its an-

nual dinner on the 22d inst. I greatly regret that a previous engagement to a similar dinner as well as the great distance, will prevent my accepting. I wish for you and your associates that occasion and every other, every felicity, and I trust that the spirit and influences that make New England societies in various parts of the country what they are, may continue to exist and have their perfect work. Industry, perseverance, sobriety, the love of liberty under law, and the promotion of religion and morality, are the things that New England ideas embrace, and these should be everywhere. In haste,

Very sincerely yours,

GEO. F. EDMONDS.

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 1885.

President,

H. M. POLLARD.

Vice-Presidents,

ELMER B. ADAMS.

ALVAH MANSUR.

Secretary,

W. B. HOMER.

Treasurer,

OSCAR L. WHITELOW.

Executive Committee:

F. A. PRATT.

GEO. D. BARNARD.

LEWIS E. COLLINS.

FRED. W. DRURY.

LEWIS E. SNOW.



CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS
—OF THE—
NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY
—OF—
ST. LOUIS.

I.

This Association shall be known as the “NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF ST. LOUIS.”

II.

The officers of this Society shall be a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and Executive Committee, consisting of five members, together with the

President, Treasurer and Secretary, who shall be *exofficio* members thereof. All of whom shall be elected by the Society, and shall hold their offices for one year, and until the end of the meeting, at which their successors are elected.

III.

There shall be one meeting annually of the Society, which shall be held in December, the day to be fixed by the Executive Committee, at which meeting the first business shall be the election of the officers of the Society, for the ensuing year, and next any other business of importance to the Society shall be transacted. When the members and invited guests shall partake of an old-time New England dinner, which shall have been prepared by the Executive Committee.

IV.

Any reputable resident of St. Louis or vicinity, of New England birth or rearing, shall be eligible to become a member of this Society upon making application to the Executive Committee, paying the admission fee and subscribing his name to the Constitution and By-Laws.

V.

The admission fee shall be one dollar, and the annual dues one dollar, and shall be payable to the Treasurer, on or on the 15th day of November of each year, and in addition to said dues each member who will participate in the dinner shall transmit to the treasurer, with his annual dues, the sum of five dollars, to be used in defraying the expenses of the dinner.

VI.

Each member shall be entitled to bring to the annual meeting one person besides himself, who may participate in

the dinner, upon the payment by the member of an additional five dollars, and the executive committee may invite as many guests to participate in the dinner as the condition of the treasury shall warrant.

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY:

| | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| E. T. Allen, | William H. Collins, |
| W. L. G. B. Allen, | Lewis E. Collins, |
| James E. Allen, | E. C. Chamberlin, |
| Prof. Deuham Arnold, | C. W. S. Cobb, |
| Hon. E. B. Adams, | Charles L. Case, |
| A. M. Averill, | D. H. Chapman, |
| W. T. Angell, | George D. Capen, |
| Dr. B. J. Bristol, | Charles H. Chapen, |
| Samuel G. Burnham, | J. A. Cutter, |
| Charles E. Blake, | Frank C. Case, |
| Prof. E. M. Bowman, | J. H. Cavender, |
| Dr. Charles E. Briggs, | James O. Churchill, |
| C. J. Bryant, | Dr. William Dickenson, |
| William H. Boyden, | John F. Davies, |
| Edgar H. Bradbury, | James A. Draper, |
| George H. Bradford, | Hon. George Dennison, |
| H. Brinsmade, | E. A. DeWolf, |
| E. P. Bronson, | Charles P. Damon, |
| George D. Barnard, | Thomas Dimmock, |
| Dr. G. A. Bowman, | Asa W. Day, |
| Prof. H. A. Brown, | H. H. Dennison, |
| C. W. Barstow, | Frederick W. Drury, |
| Rev. W. W. Boyd, | C. L. Dean, |
| E. C. Bennett, | E. P. Davenport, |
| W. H. Cornell, | A. M. Eddy, |
| George T. Cram, | Horace Fox, |
| Col. G. O. Carpenter, | Edwin Fowler, |
| Arba N. Crane, | C. I. Filley, |
| Gen. John S. Cavender, | P. P. Furber, |

J. M. Fitzgibbons,
 Elliott E. Furney,
 Warren H. Fox,
 E. E. French,
 William Fox,
 Prof. A. A. Goddard,
 Prof. P. A. Griswold,
 C. D. Greene, Jr.,
 M. L. Gray,
 Rev. C. L. Goodell,
 Joseph W. Goddard,
 Dr. John Green,
 Hoyt H. Green,
 George C. Greene,
 C. S. Greeley,
 James Goddard,
 Dr. G. F. Gill,
 Wm. G. Hammond, L.L.D.
 Thomas S. Hayes,
 Charles Holmes,
 N. C. Hudson,
 W. B. Homer,
 James L. Huse,
 Robert M. Hubbard,
 F. W. Humphrey,
 Prof. James K. Hosmer,
 E. R. Hoyt,
 E. O. Hudson,
 Hon. C. S. Hayden,
 M. W. Huff,
 Charles H. Hapgood,
 W. L. Huse,
 H. S. Hopkins,
 J. H. Holman,
 L. S. Holden,

George I. Jones,
 Prof. George E. Jackson,
 F. N. Judson,
 Hon. D. T. Jewett,
 J. M. Jordon,
 D. I. Jocelyn,
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